

ELIZA BEAUMONT

AND

HARRIET OSBORNE:

OR, THE

CHILD OF DOUBT.

WRITTEN BY

INDIANA BROOKS.

Tho' plung'd in ills, and exercis'd by care,
Yet never let the noble mind despair:
For when our virtue sinks, o'erwhelm'd with grief,
Some unforeseen expedient brings relief,

PHILIPS:

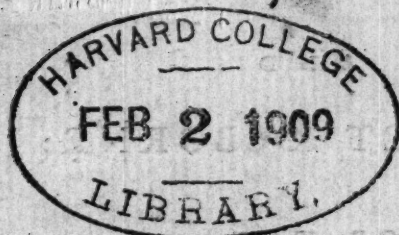
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THE
CHILD
OF
DOUBT.

MRS. BEAUMONT

TO

MRS. DE LOME.

SINCE your absence, I have felt a void in my heart, which I vainly endeavour to fill. I walk to the rural cottage, which late contained such worthy inhabitants. I hear no more the lisping voice of

VOL. II.

B

Marianne,

Marianne, or the soft notes of harmony from her beloved mother.

Ah ! my esteemed friend, may you meet and enjoy that happiness I cannot taste. I find myself too apt to indulge sad ideas, and yet I remember the time, not far remote, when I was as light as the gossamer, and smoothly passed the hours ; but then, ah ! my loved friend, my Edward was my bliss.—But no more.

Lady Ann Chalmers, to whom I am but slightly known, is on a visit at Mr. —, and has honoured me with her card. In compliance with her apparent wishes, and to amuse myself,

self, I obeyed the invitation. I found her, as usual, the admiration of the circle.

Lady Ann is young, gay, and vivacious. Born to inherit a splendid fortune, idolized by her parents, she has entered the world filled with ideas of her own vast importance, impatient of controul, haughty, and untractable, ever gay (for how should she know sorrow who is terrified by the appearance of distress in any shape); her volubility can only be equalled by her *effronterie*, which, like a tide, bears all away before it. It is true, if we are not *charmed* with her understanding, we

are astonished at the address with which she extricates herself from embarrassments which her eccentricity often leads her into. Her conversible powers are great, so fascinating as even to make 'the worse appear the better.' You would conceive her to be the most amiable of women from that charming manner of saying and acting a thousand little things ; but I have thought her Ladyship worth studying, and find lurking, under a semblance of purity, vices which, if not restrained by her education and rank, human nature shudders at.—Think me not severe. She is lovely in person, but possesses a constant glow of health,

health, which your fashionable people think vulgar; but Lady Ann takes no pains to diminish it; on the contrary, cold bathing, walking, and riding all weathers, induces her to set the whole physical tribe at defiance. Her chief forte is her musical powers, which are great indeed; her skill and taste are so superior to parade, that no wonder she enraptures her hearers, who hang over her thrilling notes with wonder and delight. Her Ladyship paid me the most flattering attention, and I left the party with some regret.

From my animated description of

B 3

her,

her, the Colonel entreated I would ask her to pass a week or two here : I instantly complied, and next week she comes over.

Poor Mrs. Camden is so busy with her preparations for her Ladyship ; airing the best blue damask, and making vast arrangements in culinary matters, inasmuch that it engages Emily's risible powers the whole day, to the great discomposure of the old lady, who has no little inclination to quarrel with her. I do not interfere ; the good-meaning soul acts for the best.

You must write me every thing
of

(7)

of moment that occurs, when writing is not a fatigue to you. Your father, I hope, will know your virtues, and love you for them as I do. Tell Antonio how much and how sincerely I wish his happiness, and am yours, &c.

LETTER II.

TEN thousand thanks for your last letter : how sincerely I congratulate you on your reconciliation to Mr. de Lome. Study him, dear Marianne ; as, from the hints I have received, I think him a character worth all your attention.

I have observed, pardon me, my dear friend, a little inclination to petulance ; check assiduously its first approaches, nor once let it interfere with any disputes either with your father or husband : give to the former

an

an attentive ready ear ; old men are garrulous, indulge this garrulity, as his conversation is a fair field from which you may glean instruction and delight.

Methinks I hear him now, while the spirit of the ancient heroes inspires him, giving the modest unoffending Antonio lessons for a future conduct. I now hear him, in my imagination, say, ‘ Talk of monarchy, look back to the glorious ages, when a republick (the Greek I mean) was so rich in men of science, legislators, and heroes ; then genius flourished, and the state handed down to posterity the model

of a nation where every citizen rendered himself dear to his country by his wisdom or his courage. In a love of glory it is we must search for the source of sublime actions; in the regulation of our passions, that cool reasoning, that true wisdom which shall be productive of future good.

But let me breathe. I have mounted on stilts, and must descend from revolving and contemplating on the wise institutions of Lycurgus and Solon, to an instance more modern, in Lady Ann, who is arrived so high in spirits as to charm the Colonel's sorrow into a little slumber. He
gallants

gallants her through the shrubberies, looks soft nonsense, and is already nearly at her feet, when she is playing on the harpsichord.

It is not the least of Mrs. Camden's daily troubles, that Lady Ann scarcely notices her, though she is wonderfully attentive to her Ladyship; and sure she might be civil, and not laugh at her. Unhappily, this fair lady, with high birth, possesses the false pride annexed to it, and looks down with contempt on her inferiors, not deigning even to speak with common breeding to them.

A few evenings since, we made up a small concert. Amongst many pleasing qualities Emily possesses, her style in singing and playing is not her least. Her instrument is the harp. Some of the company observed her execution was great on so difficult an instrument. Her Ladyship observed it was decent enough, but the girl had no judgment, no brilliancy ; but how should she ? It was with her a matter of wonder, not her playing well, but her performing at all.

Emily, poor girl, unable to withstand this behaviour, burst into tears, and asked permission to withdraw.

I granted

I granted this readily ; on which Lady Ann observed that if she had been allowed to give an opinion, the *thing* should be called back to finish her dull performance ; and without giving time for reply, addressed me with, ‘ La ! Mrs. Beaumont, where did you pick up this demure thing, so sentimental, so full of *sensibility*,’ drawling the last word.

‘ Your Ladyship makes her of too much consequence, in thus mentioning her before the company ; but this young person has merit, is well educated, and does me honor by accepting the situation she holds.’

‘ I certainly

‘ I certainly think her amiable,’ said Mr. Grey, ‘ and a well informed young woman.’

‘ Well, it is strange,’ rejoined her Ladyship, ‘ you can find accomplishments in such creatures. I hate these ladies with their fine feelings. This *lady* was, I suppose, some advertising adventress.’

Here I feared much for my warmth of temper ; a moment’s recollection subdued me. I smiled and answered not.

Colonel Wilson changed the subject, and Lady Chalmers sung an Italian air.

Our

Our domestic arrangement is now deranged totally. I was ever an early riser, but cannot encounter much fatigue. Lady Ann is indefatigable, and, in spite of my health and a violent fixed cough, she drags me with her, either on horseback or foot, until nature is wearied, and I am under the necessity of sitting down or fainting.

My lovely boy she terrifies continually, and as she hates children, and laughs at me for the time I pass in the nursery—he is my bosom's sole comforter; thankful to heaven for this treasure, I will watch
over

over his infant years, expand his ideas, cherish in him principles of honour, religion, and truth, and my fond heart hopes to see him an ornament to human nature.

I see Emily entering the avenue fronting my window, with my boy. A sweet pensiveness sits on her brow; her lovely face is the index of her mind, and that, I am certain, is the seat of purity. I am much interested in her welfare, as I daily receive proofs of her goodness of heart, nor shall she ever want protection, while in my power to grant it, or she merits it. Her fondness
for

my Edward, the sweet naïveté of
every action begets my esteem.

Adieu, my dearest friend, believe
me yours, &c.

CHARLES MORTON

T O

MR. MORTON.

Holland.

My most dear Uncle,

AFTER a ramble of half over the globe, we are at length arrived at Amsterdam, at which place we stay until we hear from England.

Mr. Taylor had taken every measure to guard us against forming too hasty or decisive opinion of the natives of Holland. They are a people whom you must well study before

before you can form a perfect idea of their genius. Let us not only look back to their former establishment, but examine their present circumstances; but to determine the national character of a people, let us enquire into the nature and magnitude of their wants, their situation with respect to climate, the state of their neighbours, their power, interest, policy, and ambition; observe also their inclinations and tastes, with their manner of thinking, prejudices, &c. &c. taking into consideration the government they have adopted, and the utility of abiding by its customs; think, that if, in every particular, they do
not

not exactly agree with the opinion of other nations, they still possess a degree of esteem proportioned to that conformity of opinion *they* have ever maintained.

These rules, my dear sir, the attentive observer lays down, by which he forms a liberal judgment on the whole creation, and considers the moral as well as the physical cause of events. The natural philosopher, who proposes to reason from effects, when the causes are entirely unknown, cannot bring conviction, inasmuch as he draws conclusions from reason only, without establishing a preliminary system.

tem. But the man who wishes to trace the result of the different movements of the political body, compares their manners with their interest, examines the principles of their constitution, and from these draws his conclusions.

By applying this method to the Dutch, we cannot fail of pronouncing much in their favour. These people were submitted, from their birth, to hard imperious masters, who forced upon them that authority they were then too feeble to withstand. They patiently awaited that time, when, with a spirited vigor, they could defeat tyranny, and become

come independant. In effecting this, they hesitated not in proving liberty was our natural *right*, and constituted the chief happiness of a social state ; but to maintain this, it was necessary to possess the conveniences of life : but what could be gained from the most barren spot in nature, which, at this time, was incapable of producing any thing likely to repay the most strenuous efforts of industry.

Their maritime situation opened a door so much the more favourable to commerce, which was evidently on the side of Holland, as at once turned their views to industry. The
success

success of their first endeavours was an inducement to persevere, aided by a solicitude for preservation and emancipation from the horrors of slavery. These strong incentives produced in them that laborious and indefatigable spirit, which gained them possession in the Indies, their strength in Europe, and makes them respectable.

They certainly have an indisputable claim to inventive industry, and the care of their riches. It is true, they have an indifference for the *Belles-Lettres*, but, in fact, they have neither leisure or inclination to study the fine arts, as in a state like theirs,

theirs, it would answer no immediate service.

From general observation I pronounce them economists, no great lovers of sensual pleasures, and the best regulated nation, with respect to the poor I have known.

The women are fair, rosy, and cleanly, to excess, but not formed by education to create a lasting passion.

These observations on the Dutch I have but loosely connected, but you will pardon the manner for the motive.

You

You bid me write every thing interesting that occurs, I shall now lay before you the letters of my fair *incognita*, whom I commenced knight-errant for at Lisbon, in hopes her artless tale may have the happy effect of interesting you in her favor. Dear girl! with what feeling she writes! Well may the gloom which invariably marks his features ever attend him, unhappy man: but read and judge. I expect an early letter: mean-while I am yours, &c.

HARRIET OSBORNE

T O

CHARLES MORTON.

YOU obtained my father's permission for a correspondence with me. Alas ! you know not the trials such a request has subjected me to : however, in obedience to my father, I wrote you *one* letter ; to oblige myself, I write a second. Do not misconceive me ; it is to prevent a fatal error I write, and to save myself from more severe pangs. Ah ! Charles, the Child of Doubt, obscurity, and, I tremble to think, perhaps

haps infamy—I dare not even presume on any prospect in future. To say my misfortunes commenced with my birth, may appear as censuring divine justice : certain it was the authors of my being entailed sorrow and misery on me.

My mother had youth, beauty, rank, and a very slender fortune. Mr. Maynard saw her, and was enchanted with that sweet vivacity which was her bane, addressed and married her. The first year flew, winged with love and pleasure ; the succeeding one brought Lord Osborne, my mother's brother, from his travels.

He was then esteemed the most elegant man of his age. A figure every way formed to please, super-added to a knowledge of the world, the most extensive man ever possessed. He flew with rapture to his sister, and joy and felicity seemed the sole residents at M— Park.

Caprice and whim invariably marked my mother's conduct. Her imagination was so fertile, as to continually turn with fresh inventions. The park was beautiful; — Nature and Art had done their part, and my mother wished to do something more. Mr. Maynard fondly
doated

doated on her, and every whim was indulged, however eccentric.

Lord Osborne was her sole attendant in her excursions, and his attention was ever marked with a most partial fondness. Mr. Maynard had been subject to a complaint in his loins, which prevented his riding on horseback; lord George, therefore, attended his sister.

Their excursions were long and frequent; that at length they created an uneasiness in the unsuspecting husband, which he could not account for, until a friend roused him, by asking who Lord George was? ‘The

brother of my Harriet.'—' Her brother, Sir ! are you dreaming ?'—' On my honor, I speak truth : Lord Osborne is certainly my brother-in-law.'—' The God of heaven and earth forbid !'—' But why ?'—Here a tale was unfolded to my father (*my father, did I say !*) at which human nature shudders. ' I cannot, my young friend, relate facts at which humanity revolts, and nature is perverted to sin and shame.'

Mr. Maynard fell lifeless on the floor, the dreadful proofs, superadded to his own, now too late observations, rose to view. Mr. Bartlet used every method for his recovery, and

and every argument to induce him to be calm: he promised. Alas! how was the fond doating husband's every prospect in life blasted, every scheme for future happiness marred!

He resolved to be attentive to their actions; he wished to find the whole a falsehood; and when she returned from her morning ride, his wrongs were almost forgot in the sight of the lovely contaminated figure before him. She flew to his arms. 'You are not well, my love.'—'A slight head-ache.'—'Harriet, why did you stay so long?'

He regarded her with a scrutinizing look, and saw her fine eyes cast down, and a suffusion of guilt crimson her cheek. ‘ You seem disturbed, look on me.’ She still averted her head. ‘ Nay, avert not your sweet face from me ; why is this ? why should *you* act thus, my love ? You can have no cause for these sensations, surely : am I not your husband, (she withdrew her hand from him) your best friend ? Have you any concealments that affect you ? unveil every emotion to me. But you have none : innocent and pure as you are, what can, for a moment, excite pain ?’

Twice

Twice she turned to him, attempting to speak : but pride, false shame, prevented this. A violent flood of tears came to her relief ; when Mr. Maynard, unwilling to probe the wound further at this time, left her and withdrew to his own apartment. There he abandoned himself to the reflections, which added anguish to his torn heart, until his good sense, aided by a religious resignation, enabled him to assume an apparent ease.

Lord George, with a perfect *non-chalance*, endeavoured to rally Mr. Maynard on his unaccountable me-

lancholy, and finding his efforts useless, changed the conversation, and mentioned his speedily removing to his father's: to this he received no answer. My mother fixed her eyes on him, but encountering a glance from her husband, she fate abashed.

The whole night was passed by this unhappy man in walking to and fro', in his chamber, now resolving to extirpate the monster who could defile his sister, from the face of the earth; now to abandon them both to shame. Irresolute, weak, and undetermined, he rose, and found
the

the destroyer of his peace was fled, leaving an apology for his abrupt departure.

One had escaped, but still the victim was in the injured man's power. To live with her, to stain his bed with pollution, to own an offspring the issue of guilt, human nature could not submit to; and to repudiate her, without giving sufficient reason, was again impossible: but her crimes were so flagrant, that he could not think of an exposure of her for this matter.

As my mother was young and thoughtless, and the hints Mr. May-

nard had given were not renewed, she vainly flattered herself with the secret being confined to her own breast, and acted accordingly.

The shooting season was now commencing, and Mr. Maynard invited Lord Mordaunt to pass it with him.

His Lordship was fitted every way for the scheme Mr. Maynard had formed in his own breast: he knew him voluble, pleasing, and immoral. To break through the laws of hospitality, and wound his friend in the most vulnerable part, was not a new scene for his Lordship's abilities

ties to be engaged in ; and, with a malicious exultation, Mr. Maynard saw his wishes succeed ; and his Lordship, under a pretext of atoning for her husband's neglect, which was studiously conspicuous, paid her every polite attention, until, forgetful of every endearing tie, without even seeming to feel compunction, they revelled in infamy.

Proof now was ready to be adduced by every menial servant, and Mr. Maynard exulted in the idea of the law releasing him from a woman who now had gone every length.

Here

Here let me pause. Rank, high birth, the boast of qualities which ornament society, what are ye, if the possessors are thus abandoned to viciousness? Ah, woman! woman! may my mother's fatal conduct warn the gay, the unthinking part of her sex from errors!—Errors! *crimes*, I mean.

I will finish this shocking narrative in my next.

The same to the same.

TO picture the scene which followed on the avowal of my mother's conduct, is impossible. She flew with her paramour, and herself strove most ardently for the divorce. It was gained, and public shame, added to private guilt, pursued her whom, at her trial, was but affected.

Scarce three years since, she was led, in all the blaze of beauty, to be presented to the best of sovereigns, carested, admired, and respected; now view her fallen for
 ever

ever from that heighth of elegance and splendor, to have her name wantonly sported with in a court of justice; and her violated vows, and blasted reputation made the theme of every circle. Pity pursued the unfortunate husband, who retired from the public eye, to strive to forget himself in the bosom of obscurity.

My mother felt symptoms which gave evident signs of pregnancy, and measures were taken to legalize my wretched self; but in vain.—But let me be methodical.

My mother had flattered herself,
that,

that, on the divorce being signed, her paramour would have led her to the altar. But he knew the sex too well, and, from the whole tenor of her conduct, he was well aware her motives were——. But no more.—She gave me existence; let *me* not aggravate her crimes. She was *my* mother; bitter as this consideration is qualified with, I yield to that.

Vainly is peace or happiness sought for in a guilty commerce. Distrust, doubt, and jealousy filled his lordship's breast, and, on her side, as she had set the world at defiance, she now spurned abiding by its customs.

If

If Lord M— did not practise morality, he wished not totally to forget what he owed to society: he knew that, to live well with the world, it was highly necessary not to be despised. Therefore he remonstrated; she retorted, and a separation took place. My unhappy self saw light first under his roof, and my mother made me the innocent unconscious companion of her flight.

She now found herself totally abandoned, without domestics, without a home, and no provision but what her late paramour chose to make her. A momentary compunc-
tion

tion took place : she set forward for the metropolis, took apartments, and having hired a domestic or two, one morning, in a hackney-coach, set out to try to move her father's tenderness.

He had seen her late injured husband, heard from him her atrocious guilt, and forbid his son his presence : what was then the wretched daughter to expect, who, not from principle, but fear of want, now threw herself at his feet. He rose, spurned her from him, and, wild with terror, and some remains of the father's tenderness, flew out of the room, sending his valet to acquaint

quaint her with his orders for her immediate quitting the house.

Had she possessed any feeling, had not every spark of honour and common honesty been banished from her breast, what must have been her sensations, to be turned forth from the house where once her look was enough to awe every person in it; to be treated with contempt, even by the servants, was surely enough to awaken anguish the very demons would pity. The daughter of a peer, and relative to three dukedoms, now again ascended the vehicle she had quitted, and driving home, took me in her arms, and,

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in spite of the efforts of the servants, burst into Mr. Maynard's presence, and throwing herself on her knees, entreated support for me.

His feelings were ill-calculated for such a scene. ' Good heaven ! Lady Harriet, how came you here ? retire, pray leave me. Gracious God ! ' exclaimed he, ' is it not enough that I have endured every degree of torture with patience, and am reserved for this ? Leave me, let me entreat you, My lady, to withdraw.' — ' Not till you promise protection to this unoffending babe.' — ' For the child, I may be led to act contrary to the world's opinion. Leave her, and

and retire ; but if you stand in need of assistance, take this (and he presented her with a bank-bill). But now, hear me, Lady Harriet, presume not upon that present ; think within yourself whether I ought to do this ? Must I anticipate your wants ? do you deserve this of me ? I will not reproach you, but read over your last letter, and see how well you was likely to behave, had not necessity induced this step. I pardon you ; would to heaven you could pardon yourself ! To preserve you from ruin, I will give you the means of existence, but never let me see you more.'

In

In vain she knelt and tried every blandishment; Mr. Maynard ordered the housekeeper to take charge of me, and wished her good day.

This event again revived all the bitterness which Mr. Maynard had formerly undergone. He now gave strict orders never again to admit her; and having provided a proper nurse for me, forbid my ever being brought in *his* sight, or my mother's name mentioned to me.

My infant days passed smoothly, having every liberal attention paid me; and at the age of three years, Mrs. Turner, the housekeeper, judged

In ed

ed it expedient to send me and my nurse down to M— Park, as being seldom or ever inhabited by the family. Thither we went : but I must now recur to the author of my being.

The first step to vice has such a fatal tendency, as to subvert, in general, every moral tendency.

• Lady Harriet, abandoned to herself, now shamelessly courted infamy, and the finger of scorn was pointed at her. To drown the little feeling she had remaining, strong cordials were used, and she became so altered and bloated, that it was scarce

scarce possible to recognize her. Still pleasing in manners, still possessing accomplishments, which once made her the envy and admiration of the world—the men sought her; nor had she presence of mind sufficient to restrain her own excesses.

Mr. Maynard had passed some time on the continent, and was now returning, having heard little of this unfortunate, to whose extravagancies he found he was only administering; therefore shortened her allowance. Passing through W— Street, the post-chariot was stopped by a concourse of people gathered round a

VOL. II. D door,

door, to listen to a high dispute betwixt some people in the entry.

Enquiring the cause of all this uproar, a decent man informed him a poor unfortunate woman was dead, and having no effects to bury her, the parish officers were about removing the body, when the woman of the house insisted on its being left with her, till she had made enquiries about her friends, to prevent the shocking interment the parish would afford. This they refused—and caused these words.

Active in the cause of humanity,
Mr.

Mr. Maynard threw himself from the chaise, and made his way through the mob.—‘ Lady me no ladies,’ said a vulgar looking fellow, ‘ I know what she was well enough — will you bury her ?’—‘ I don’t know whether I can or no, but may she not remain a day ?’—‘ No, Mistress, she goes now. Ladyship, why, her Ladyship will rot as soon as you or I, I dar’st to say : besides she doesn’t deserve any better burieng, because she was worse than a poor body, seeing as how she knowed better. Plague on these great folks, say I ; I wished every one that did bad things was to die as this here fine Madam did.’

Mr. Maynard addressed this man, and asked whether he could be of service? 'Why, as to that there, if you be one of her lovers, if you see *her*, it will cure you of loving all the days of your life; and if you have a mind to bury her, why, 'twill save we the trouble.'

Mr. Maynard followed the woman up stairs, and there lay, inclosed in a parish shell, the loathsome, infected body of—*my mother*.

You, who have sensations of pity and compassion, extend it here. All the horrors of despairing anguish the guilty wretch feels at his last moments,

ments, when doubting infinite mercy, was blifs to what now paffed within the breast of this wretched man, who, ftriking his forehead, violently exclaimed, ‘ I blaze; Great God! protect me;’ and his looks declared to the by-standers the fatal truth.

This hour was too much; Fate came charged with more than human Nature could bear, and Reason, fhook before, now abandoned her throne.

His fervants coming up, feeing the melancholy fight, ordered the body to be taken care of, and conveyed the poor maniac home. Four

years to him was a perfect blank ; when medicine, aided by the Almighty's goodness, restored him to reason, but left a gloom no length of time, no change of place could eradicate.

I had now attained my eleventh year, and had received every instruction my age was capable of, as I was esteemed his own child. Mrs. Turner procured a worthy woman to superintend my education, and every effort was used to accomplish me in music and drawing. I had seldom seen any people but my masters and the servants, having never.

ver been beyond the park gates during my residence there.

Change of air was ordered, and Mr. Maynard came down to enjoy its salubrity. I was now kept a close prisoner, fearing least the sight of me might create unpleasant ideas.

Innocent of the cause of my confinement, I one day stole down the garden, unperceived, and entered the gothic temple, which was fitted up with a small organ. Here I felt a wonderful delight at eluding the vigilance of my governess, and fate

down to the organ, warbled forth,
with my wild notes, Jackson's sweet
air of,

‘ Dear image of the maid I love.’

Thus engaged, I saw not I was observed, until I rose, from some new whim, to pursue my walk; when I perceived a gentleman with his arms folded, gazing at me, with a mixture of horror and pity in his countenance. I trembled with affright, and asked pardon a thousand times, with as many courtesies.

‘ Whom do you belong to, child?’
— ‘ I don't know, Sir.’ — ‘ Not
know!’

know !—‘ They tell me, Sir, I have a papa somewhere, and that he belongs to this house and fine gardens.’

He seized my arm with violence :
 ‘ Tell me, little artful wretch, were you not placed here on purpose ? Image of thy base parent, let me not find thee resemble her in mind. Answer me girl.’

Terrified, I screamed aloud, when my governess entered. Her manner of addressing me convinced him this was not design. She entreated his pardon for her inadvertency.

‘ Take the little fyren away ; never, never let me see her again.’ I ran to him, and clasping his knees, looked up in his face, saying, ‘ Pray, Sir, be not angry ; do not send me away from you.’—But I have wrote too much : good night.

Yours, &c.

The same (in Continuation.)

‘ I AM sure I shall not be happy all day if any body is angry with me. I am not a bad girl, for I know what you said meant so.’—

‘ Aye ! who made you so wise ?’—

‘ Oh ; I know a great deal ; I can play a great many tunes : let me play you one ; don’t look cross tho’. When I am sad, I play a little, and my heart is so merry !—’

‘ Will you take this little witch away, when I bid you ? She is too

full of prattle, too bold.'—'Your Honour must not be angry, but impute her forwardness to the want of knowing better.—Come, Miss Harriet, you will offend his Honour.'

'I will not talk so bold then, Sir, pray be not angry.'—'I am not angry with *you*, child: play me an air in your best manner.'

I obeyed, and my governess pointed out a sprightly lesson, to which I sang my best—and was going. 'Let me see the girl once a-day, but not more.'

We

We retired.—My governess observed a strict silence, and I only desired not to see him when he was cross.

I now was permitted to walk in the garden, and, after dinner, to play to him one hour.

He lived in a total state of seclusion from all the world. I was strictly confined, except on a Sunday, when I was permitted to attend divine service; but I regretted not want of liberty. I had every one of my little wants gratified, and every pains bestowed on my education.

Thus

Thus passed fifteen years in innocence. He would gaze at me at intervals, until I have seen the big tear start from his eye, and his whole frame shake convulsed. Repelled, by his stern manner towards me, from shewing him those little nameless attentions. My heart was bursting to pour forth its feelings before him.

One afternoon, I had played him into a sweet sleep ; when I stole towards him, and raising his hand to my lips, kissed it fervently, and softly whispered, ‘ My father, would you permit your unoffending child to call you so ?’

He

He awoke, and looking at me with a tenderness which charmed me, 'My Harriet, would to Heaven I was thy — !' Here he stopped. This was the first, the last instance of tenderness ever shewn me.

I reflected within myself on the singularity of his behaviour.—'Is he,' said I, '*my* father? then why hesitate? why am I forbid to call him by that tender name?'

On this subject every one in the house was silent, nor could I gain any information respecting my mother.

Finding

Finding myself enveloped in a thick veil of mystery, which defied my most earnest exertions to penetrate, I could not forbear repining, and had too frequent opportunities for indulging the most unpleasing sensations. I wept in secret, and what the more excited my sorrow, was the tender unremitting attention Mrs. Turner shewed her daughter, who was allowed to be about my person, and who was of my age.

I have thrown myself into the arms of my governess, who evinced a maternal affection for me, and shed the bitter tears of sorrow on her bosom.

• Tell

‘ Tell me, tell me, dear Madam !
 who or what I am ? Why does my
 father shun me, and forbid me his
 presence ? why is every word and
 every look of mine observed so scrup-
 ulously ? and, notwithstanding my
 endeavours to please him, why will
 he repress those efforts, and check
 the emotions of a heart replete with
 duty, love, and gratitude ?’

‘ Why, my dear girl, will you
 ask these questions ? Too soon the
 fatal truth will be revealed : un-
 awailing are your complaints. Mr.
 Maynard has repeated a truth you
 will do well to observe. Be *willing*
 to

to be happy, and you are so. Search not, I charge you, into a secret which, if known, will destroy your happiness for ever.'

These ambiguous answers increased my curiosity, and preyed so continually on my health, as to affect it visibly.

Mr. Maynard was alarmed at my indisposition, and fearing it resulted from too much confinement and want of exercise, had me taught riding; and this was now become my favourite amusement. My time for this exercise was limited, being
allowed

allowed only from six in the morning until eight. A careful servant attended me.

One fatal morning my ride had been lengthened, and I was hastening home on a smart gallop, when my horse, suddenly plunging, threw me over his head. The fall stunned me ; but on opening my eyes, I found myself supported by a gentleman, who was holding salts, and using every effort for my recovery.

Terrified at being in a stranger's arms, I screamed aloud, when James came up with my horse, which he had been in pursuit of. He assured me

me of my safety ; and, in spite of advice to the contrary, I mounted my horse ; when my servant informed me of a nearer way across the forest.

The stranger politely insisted on attending me until I felt comfortable.

We rode on about a mile, when James now informed the stranger we were near home, and must beg his absence, as his master was very particular.—‘ And who is your master ? ’ — ‘ Mr. Maynard.’ — ‘ Maynard ! and is this *his* daughter ? ’ — ‘ No, Sir ; Lady Harriet.—’

Pale,

Pale, trembling, and with the wild aspect of a demon, he clasped his hands, and exclaimed, 'What a moment is this !'

I was affrighted at his manner : but how much more was I terrified, when a voice, like thunder, burst on my trembling ear !—It was Mr. Maynard's.

' Artful, vile, detested wretch ! is this your morning rambles ?' (the stranger, flapping his hat, clapped spurs to his horse, and was out of sight in a moment.) ' The villain dared not face me ; is it not enough that the incestuous monster has once
struck

struck me to the vitals, but must he
 tear open the wounds, and make
 them bleed afresh; must he again
 open the veins of my heart, and,
 through you, eternally stab my
 peace ?'

This language was totally incom-
 prehensible to me. I leaped from
 my horse, and throwing myself at
 his feet, exclaimed, ' Dear Sir, be
 explicit: what has disturbed your
 peace? who is that gentleman of
 whom you speak? and why call me
 artful?'

He stamped his foot. ' Spawn
 of the vile woman who bore you,
 your

he your art can only be exceeded by
 ke your confidence. Out of my sight.
 ain —‘ Tell me my offence, for heaven’s
 nd, sake !’—‘ Dare you expostulate, vile
 my girl ? Rise, answer me, and truly,
 as you hope for mercy. When and
 where was your first meeting with
 m- that disgrace to humanity ?’—‘ If
 om you mean, Sir, the gentleman you
 f at saw just now, never till this morn-
 be ing.’—‘ It is false.—’

of This word was accompanied by a
 me blow, Charles, which staggered me.
 I reeled and fell, and heard him say
 to the servant, ‘ Carry her home ;
 and you, Sir, be prepared, against
 your my return, for *your* examination.

Compare

* Compare notes, rack your invention, and add as many falsehoods as you think prudent to venture. Of this be assured ; I will know all : and if your story does not agree with what I already know, I will spurn her from my roof to the infamy she merits. Thus she stands : one falsehood ruins *her* for ever. *You*, quit my my service this day.'—Saying this he walked on.

I listened, fearing again to hear his voice ; when James, leading the horses, we proceeded home.

Fortunately for me, a plentiful shower of tears, in some measure, relieved

relieved me, or my proud heart would have burst. I revolved in my mind the event of the morning; I saw nothing criminal. Mr. Maynard's language was inexplicable; his threats alarmed me.

My pride prevented my conversing with James: he had a consolation, I had not.

‘There are,’ muttered he, ‘more places than one, I suppose. So I don’t care: though he need not have been so sharp with a body.—Don’t cry, Miss, if your father turns you out at one door, I know they who will take you in at another.’

VOL. II. E I answered

I answered not, and by this time I reached the gate.

I hurried through the hall, and hastening to my own room, threw myself on my knees, and addressed that Power who alone could help me.

I found myself more calm when my governess entered. To her I unbosomed my griefs. 'Be comforted, my child; if he turns thee out, I will accompany thee, and we will find friends, Harriet, who will support, will shield us from danger.'—'Where? where?' asked I.—'Within our own breasts; a rectitude

titude of conduct, an undeviating
 adherence to the principles of virtue
 and religion, will ever uphold us
 against the rough storms of adversity.
 My attention to your education has
 been ill bestowed, if it has not
 taught you to estimate the world as
 it is. Believe me, my dear girl,
 the time will perhaps shortly arrive,
 when you will have occasion to ex-
 ercise my precepts. Have I not of-
 ten wished you to acknowledge this
 truth?—No situation is, or can be
 disgraceful, which is not marked
 with vicious pursuits. Be easy, there-
 fore; should a change take place,
 regret not affluence : humble pover-
 ty, with honor and virtue, is infi-

nitely to be coveted before wealth and splendor purchased at the price of honor and principles. The world adopts, for the present day, an erroneous doctrine with regard to our sex. We are the slaves of opinion, and, in order to live well with society, it is not enough to seem to be a woman of virtue ; but, in order that a woman should respect herself, she must be *really so*. All situations, therefore, which promise the necessities of life, are alike ; and I would have you ever adopt this conciliating reflection—that wealth and grandeur are no farther necessary, than as they are conducive to the happiness of others. Happiness is much in your
own

own power if you study to deserve it.'

I listened attentively, and derived no little satisfaction from her excellent advice.

Mr. Maynard returned, and after he had made a solitary meal, he ordered me to attend him. Trembling, I clasped my arms around my governess.—'I cannot see him; his anger terrifies me. I have not deserved it.'—'Have courage, my love; come, I will go down with you.' My feet nearly refused their office, when, at length, I reached the parlour door.

On my entrance, he sternly said, ' I did not want you, woman ; retire.' Mrs. Blake hesitated.—' This child, Sir, is poorly : pray, Sir, let me stay.'—' Leave the room.' The tone of his voice resembled thunder : she burst into tears, and withdrew.

' So, young Lady, you can make confidants, I see : this woman you have found useful, have you ?—Hear me, Harriet, now perhaps for the last time. I presume on the knowledge you have of my not being *your* father ; I received you into my house, the offspring of guilt and incest. Come near me. Look at this picture ; see that lovely face :—this

was

was your mother when I led her to the altar.—And this small drawing, taken from a too faithful memory—is the same object at an hour I shudder to mention. Her vices should warn you from falsehood or art. Keep those pictures, to teach you all I found wanting in her: they will serve as a lesson to teach you, in some future day, what qualities are dear to a man of principle. From your education I did not expect a duplicity of conduct.’

Here I could hold no longer.
 ‘ Dear Sir, why will you act and judge from appearance alone; let me endeavour at exonerating myself

from a charge so cruel and unjust. Believe me, dearest Sir, there are no crimes I hold in more thorough detestation than those imputed to me ; and, were I so viciously inclined, would I stab the peace of the man who is my only friend ? I know not whom that gentleman is, nor, till this morning, ever saw him.'

' Have a care, Harriet, add not perjury to your conduct : of this be assured, I will not ever expose you to certain ruin ; my house shall still afford you a friendly shelter from a bad world. I had fondly flattered myself with future happiness derived from you ; but now I shall never

ver know rest, until laid in my peaceful grave. For you, I have lived in obscurity ; and you, like a viper, gnaw the breast which has nurtured you.'

' On my knees, Sir, let me entreat you to hear me ; let not a misguided prejudice overpower your understanding ; let me have a fair trial, I will not live suspected under your roof ; let the servant be called, and let me be justified. Knowing myself innocent, that knowledge will not be sufficient, without its being fully established.'

' You have learnt the method of

arguing, young Lady ; and, in order to give you every conviction, let James be called.'

James appeared, and, after a long examination, was dismissed, with a strict charge for the future.

He was pensive, and apparently uneasy. He turned towards me :
' I am every way disposed to think well of you, and believe what you say : but as this man is convinced you are living, and under my roof, he may be troublesome. You can have no sort of objection to the promise I now enforce ; it is to insure
your

your peace and future welfare, as well as my own.'

The oath he tendered me was too dreadful to repeat: suffice that I hesitated not, and by it have irrevocably bound myself to be guided in every instance solely by him.

The close confinement to which I was subjected, the continual anxiety which my mother's sad story gave birth to, excited a sorrow too lively for my health. I wept, I sighed in vain; and his suspicions daily increased. Pen and ink was locked up, and every measure taken

to guard me from a man, who, certainly, was not so lost to feeling as even to wish, in his sight, a living witness of his crimes.

From my general state of uneasiness, I began to decline, and (strange to tell!) it was with a secret satisfaction I felt the symptoms: I found I lived to little purpose; the sweet endearments of parental fondness were denied me. I had no pleasures to pursue, and no one to lament me. Mr. Maynard scarce saw me but to reprove, and my heart seemed bursting at his unkindness.

He

He left home for two months; when, on his return, the change was so great in my person as to shock him, and he apparently shewed the greatest solicitude for my welfare.

Physicians were consulted, and unanimously gave their opinion, that *only* an entire change of air would be of service. He fixed on Lisbon, at which place we had the honor of seeing you; and it is amongst my many most severe trials, that I have to lament the knowledge of you. Ah! Charles, the happy hours we have passed together are
fled :

fled : Halcyon days, never will ye
return !—

I have finished the disagreeable
task imposed on myself, and you
will continue to write as usual ; but
give not the least hint of this cor-
respondence.

Mr. Maynard, from enquiry, has
learnt Lord George has quitted this
country, and retired, with his wife,
a most charming little woman, to
the continent. There, in a state
of seclusion, they live on the re-
mains of a shattered fortune. He
is ever unhappy and restless : how
should

should he be otherwise? Guilt, like his, demands a most sincere repentance to wash its stains from the records of crimes, which no pitying angel, I fear, will be permitted to blot out.

If he was *my* father, as such I can only weep and pray for his amendment ; and, for my own future life, I have no hopes, no views beyond retirement and the grave. My oath subjects me to the guidance of Mr. Maynard, and I will study to render him happy.

Adieu, my esteemed friend ; preserve me in your memory ; give me a
place

place in your friendship ; and, tho'
we may never again behold each
other, be you blest.

HARRIET.

If he was my father, as rich I
can only weep and pray for his
enrichment ; and for my own
future life, I have no hope, no views
beyond retirement and the grave.
My only wishes are to the guid-
ance of Mr. Maynard, and I will
try to render him happy.

Adieu, my esteemed friend ; pre-
serve me in your memory ; give me a
place

MRS. BEAUMONT

T O

MRS. DE LOME.

I HAVE your pleasing letters before me; and, during these six months, since my last, in which I have given you a respite, the face of things is much changed.

Lady Chalmers, weary of the insipidity of so rural a situation, returned to her father's, and the Colonel did himself the honour of accompanying her, as her protector.

I know

I know not how or whence such wonderful changes happen in the human mind. Such is the mutability of our capricious nature, that all professions of eternal grief, eternal constancy, disappear when present satisfaction comes in competition.—Colonel Wilson will soon take to wife Lady Chalmers ! ! !

Oh, man ! man ! how little are we acquainted with our own feelings, at least our own weaknesses ! A few short months are passed, and Clara's name, yet trembling on his lips, he weds another, whose manners form a perfect contrast to that sweet angelic innocence he has lost.

It

It is true, Lady Chalmers is lively, and at times pleasing. He is fascinated by that vivacity, which, however pleasing in itself, if not chastened by prudence and good sense, may gain, but never establish, her empire over his heart.

The Colonel has a fine understanding, but infallibility is not the lot of mortality. His inducements were her fortune and an alliance with her family. I most sincerely wish his happiness, but fear he has fondly mistaken the path which leads to it.

This

This event will again subject me to inconveniences, as I must of course remove. I have wrote to *Wilson* ~~Harley~~, whose opinion by no means coincides with mine. As the friend of my husband, he is entitled to the compliment of submitting my future plan to his judgment. He is friendly and polite ; he cannot see any necessity for my removal, as every effort will be used to make me happy.

I am sorry my ideas are, on this point, so diametrically opposite. I dislike her Ladyship much ; she wants those amiable softnesses, that
sympathy

sympathy which adorns our sex, and renders us ever objects of admiration.

I aver, with truth, I shall quit this delightful spot with regret and sorrow. I have passed some pleasing hours here: my intentions, with regard to the future, is to live in perfect retirement. I would prefer South-Wales, for obvious reasons: the best I know is cheapness of living, and pure air. I have wrote to Richards, and ordered him to purchase a small cottage, to which, with my dear boy, I shall retire.

I wait impatiently for a letter from
my

my dear brother, who is, I should suppose, by this time arrived at Amsterdam. I expect, when I am folded again to his breast, ever to have him my protector, and the guardian of my Edward's, who already lisps my name, and clasps his little arms around my neck, giving me the most exquisite delight, though not unattended with painful emotions for his future destination.

Wither, at this time, is his hapless father wandering? Ah! my heart, that is the chord which entwines sorrow and anguish around thee.

When I survey the past, the retrospection

specification of better days, added to the felicity of being encircled in his arms, Reason seems bursting from her seat, and my wandering brain delights in visionary blifs.

Joy once appeared with Pleasure's smiling train, and Hope cheats me into the fond belief of future felicity.—Future joy, ah ! sweet delusive dream, how easily do we lull ourselves into perfect security ; and how rarely is the happiness attainable we wish, or, if attained, how infinitely poor, how short of our expectations !

I transcribe you some lines for
your

your amusement, written by a *very* young lady. Her story is short, but pathetic.

The only child of doating parents, nurtured with tenderness, and the graces of her mind called forth by every exertion which instruction could give. Blest with amiability of temper, an understanding the most refined, joined to loveliness of person. Thus accomplished, the envy and admiration of all around her, at so early an age as fourteen, her too susceptible heart became a victim to a hopeless passion. She loved a youth whose situation in life was such as by no means were accordant

cordant with her friends' ideas : but finding all arguments ineffectual, they removed the young man, and soothed her mind with the pleasing idea of coinciding with her wishes, when she had attained her fifteenth year. They deceived her, and the deceit reached her heart; and though she tried to sur vive her disappointment, her efforts were in vain. Shall I add, she lived six months after writing the inclosed lines, and winged her flight to bliss, leaving her distracted parents to experience anguish and deep regret, as the cause of her untimely fate, and thus she plaintively laments :

How swift flies Time on silken wings,
 And leaves no trace behind ;
 Changes, each year, the face of things,
 Inconstant as the wind !

To me it scarce appears a day,
 Since, in my nurse's arms,
 A little helpless babe I lay,
 Smiling with infant charms.

Still, as in course, each opening year
 I see my natal day ;
 The grasp of joy appears more near,
 Then vanishes away.

On fifteen all my hopes were bent ;
 Fifteen is come at last.
 Alas ! I am not more content ;
 My pleasure's all a blast.

'Tis giddy dissipation all,
 And an illusion vain,
 Of which the enjoyment, e'er so small,
 May cause a life of pain.

True happiness is Virtue's child,
And dwells within the breast,
Joined to a temper pure and mild,
An honest heart's best guest.

A conscience void of all offence,
Good spirits, and good health,
Grant me but these, O Providence !
I ask not power or wealth.

Then, if next year should see me laid
A victim to the tomb,
Those friends shall still attend my shade
Where joys eternal bloom.

Adieu, my dear friend; yours
ever affectionately.

The same to the same.

I DATE this letter from the most retired spot in Nature ; where, sequestered from the world, I can indulge the pleasing melancholy which dwells within me, and, out of painful sensations, I extract some sweets to make my sorrows lighter.

After my last letter, wherein I informed you of my intentions, I received a letter from Richards, who had made a purchase of the house from which I write:

I instantly

I instantly determined and made preparations for my journey ; and having *few* friends to take leave of, fate forward for my cottage, which is pleasantly situated one quarter of a mile from the village, around which are scattered a few genteel families. I have a small flower and fruit garden, and a meadow for my horse and cow.

My house consists of only seven apartments, besides offices, such as dairy, &c. There are two best bedrooms, an eating parlour, and drawing room ; three servants rooms, coach-house, stabling, &c. It is seated on the declivity of a hill, from

the summit of which a clear stream gushes into the valley beneath, which is overhung with trees, forming the most picturesque view imaginable. The roads around me are tolerably good, and the air salubrious.

The furniture I took at a fair appraisement, and, with the remaining part of my own, have made it decent. My library Colonel Wilson presented me with ; besides I have a small harpsichord. Nannette, and a decent sort of a cook-maid, are my only female attendants, and David's talents are so multifarious, it is hard to say which he excels in ; like Scrub, he officiates in every way.

Thus

Thus you have my establishment ;
 you see it is on a small scale : I am
 content. For though I cannot a-
 void now and then remembering
 such things were, and were most
 pleasing, as affluence and pleasure,
 yet I regret them not. Denied the
 luxury of administering to the pecu-
 niary wants of my fellow-creatures,
 I yet can give

‘ The wretch that passes by
 A soothing word, a tear, a sigh.’

Can share my frugal meal, or rest
 the houseless stranger, smooth the
 bed of anguish, on which sickness
 and disease has laid her victim, and
 pour the balm of comfort into the
 bosom of the afflicted.

Let me not then say, why should I live ? Have I not duties to perform, which claim the exertions of those talents God has given me ? I live not for myself.—Selfish consideration ! No, a mother's duty is a sacred one, and my hours cannot be better bestowed than in forming the mind of my sweet boy to goodness ; and I trust, at a distant period, when he requires better instruction, the means to place him under eligible tuition will not be wanted. I would have him

Learned tho' no pedant, thoughtful tho' not
grave ;

Gay without folly, without rashness brave.

As

As for the absurd custom which our nation has adapted, in the education of young men of the present day, I think, has a great tendency to mislead them in their first principles of knowledge. Their early and best years are consumed in charging their weak minds with Greek and Latin, nay, often Hebrew, which may never happen to prove of the smallest utility. The usual manner of reading history (the noblest study) is such as is calculated to leave but little impression on the memory, and their reason is perplexed with metaphysics unuseful and obscure.

As for our universities, where science is supposed to fix her empire, in lieu of the true art of reasoning from principles, they substitute the scientific jargon of logic, which consists of a collection of fastidious syllogisms, which seldom repay the most studious attention.

I would wish my boy to possess a true taste for literature, not that which is formed by incessantly poring over musty authors, and learning dead languages, the insipid dryness of which cramps the genius, and too often renders, what might prove an ornament to learning, a pedant.

There

There is, in every social state, a certain order of laws, which, without being positive, are meanwhile, by observation, become necessary to every member of society, who wishes for general esteem, or is wise enough to know, that true happiness consists in the practice of virtue, and the acquisition of those real qualities which constitute the moral character of man.

Sincerity, benevolence, moderation, regularity of manners, complaisance, courage, and greatness of soul ; these are more or less perfect, in proportion to the degree of elevation the mind is capable of. But

again, it requires a strict adherence to these shining qualities, to be the man I wish. Such a man has his reward in the contemplation of his own integrity of heart, and in the supreme felicity of knowing he fulfils the purpose of his existence. Every individual is indubitably indebted to that country which gave him birth, and ought, at all times, to be ready to assist the state in that department he deems himself most fit for, either in the senate, bar, or field, and fill the duty of his station with the most exact honor he is capable of.

These loose unconnected ideas on
education

education will afford you but little pleasure. Our sex, destined by Nature for softer purposes than taming the wild exuberance of masculine manners, are incompetent to the task of judging properly, or interfering in these matters; but may we not endeavour to blend with manly firmness that suavity of manners so pleasing, and without which few men can please?

I have received cards from the families in the vicinity, and received the parson's best bow at church; who, by the way, is a worthy pious man; whose primitive manners derogate so much from the custom of the day, as
to

to shame his hearers into goodness. His son, who is just returned from the West Indies, is exactly the reverse of his father.

This hopeful youth was educated by a relation, from whom he inherits a large fortune ; and, on his return from Barbadoes, recollecting he had a father, a poor curate in Wales, and fearing his memory might be disagreeably refreshed by a few good natured friends, he made an effort at a good action, and rolled down in a chariot and four, to the astonishment of his worthy father. He made a successful use of his interest, and secured the living for his father ; and now, once a year, honors them
with

with his presence for one month. He is about eight and twenty, tall, pale, and of a consumptive habit : his features have an unaccountable vulgarity in them, and his bold manners, and unblushing effrontery, can only be equalled by his vanity. Possessed of a more than moderate share of low cunning, his understanding is happily adapted to the superficial knowledge he has gleaned. Fond of argument, one would imagine he had studied the polemical writers of this age and the last ; and his frothy discourse passes for wit amongst those with whom he associates ; but men of sense despise the supercilious fool.

The

The ladies are wonderfully fond of him. He dresses well, and has an happy talent in conversing on the fashionable topics of the day.

He seems to wish to attract my notice, and has busily employed himself in tampering with my servants, to gain every information possible; indeed it seems the study of the best part of the inhabitants here, and I am every day inclined to teize them by not giving into their invitations as yet.

Indeed I find full employment in arranging my domestic matters at present. I have made an effort, tho'
an

an unsuccessful one, of introducing a letter to my uncle, but he returned it unopened. Ah! why will he thus deny me the pleasing privilege of corresponding with him, and of knowing he is well and happy? Why for one indiscretion, which timely remonstrance might have prevented, banish me from his presence?

My brother is returning to England; he has in vain intreated my inflexible uncle to see me. Ah, my dear friend! How does the bitterness of the present moment make me suffer for the *imaginary* gratification of the heart—Imaginary! Oh, no—Beaumont was all I fondly wished,
and

and I would undergo years of pain
to once more infold my arms around
him. With this pleasing hope I
conclude myself,

Yours, affectionately.

CHARLES MORTON

TO

HARRIET MAYNARD.

DEAR, affecting girl, I read your letter with avidity, and felt what I can by no means express at the perusal of your sad tale.

But why will you afflict yourself, and talk of happiness as at a distance? Trust me, I will use every effort towards insuring your felicity. I have no doubt of Mr. Maynard's assenting to my ardent wishes.

Pardon

Pardon me, if I am presuming, in thinking myself not altogether unworthy your notice.

I have a sister who would be proud to be known to you. She has suffered, and her own woes have taught her sympathy. She will sooth your mind, and soften the corroding grief you too fatally indulge. She is young, sensible and amiable. Ah, my lovely friend! would you but suffer a heart, interested in your welfare as mine is, to offer the advice it dictates. Be happy: fly from an unjustifiable tyranny to peace and felicity, and let the altar give me a right to you no power can dispute.

I would

I would say more, but the fear of offending restrains my pen, and represses the sigh involuntarily arising from the heart of your ardent admirer,

C. MORTON.

HARRIET OSBORNE

T O

CHARLES MORTON, ESQ.

S I R,

MY feelings, at the perusal of yours, were changed from indignation to pity and contempt.

Ah, Charles! trifle not with a heart you as yet know not how to value. What, would you have me implant daggers in the bosom of my only friend, and fly in the face of that being whom I have invoked to attest my vow!

I re-

I retract not, or repine at the severity of the restrictive sentence which passion urged Mr. Maynard to pass.—Never will I, in one action of my life, voluntarily swerve from those principles instilled into my mind from earliest infancy.

Without Mr. Maynard's concurrence, I positively will not open, or answer another letter from you, and therefore urge no more.

Your amiable sister I have heard mentioned as a charming woman. You say she has sorrows; be it your task to soften them, and as it is much in your power, and must be
in

in your inclination, alleviate her grief; and, in her society, forget the unfortunate Harriet.

Death only, I am convinced, will free me from my promise; and, the most sensible affliction I could feel, would be to lose my father (I must call him so.)

I strive to amuse him daily, but he broods over his griefs with an unavailing sorrow, and his health is thereby much injured. He has been ordered to Bath to try the efficacy of the waters, and we set forward next week. If you chuse to write to Mr. Maynard, I have no objection;

tion ; gain his consent, and I will not with-hold mine. I am, with every good wish,

Yours,

HARRIET.

After the receipt of the above letter, Charles wrote to Mr. Maynard ; whose answer by no means coincided with the young man's wishes ; he therefore was under the necessity of leaving, to a future day, the realizing schemes of happiness, which he, in the course of his perigrinations, had been at vast pains to

plan. He turned his thoughts therefore towards his native country, and returned home accomplished beyond his uncle's most sanguine wishes.—*He* received him with open arms, and rewarded Mr. Taylor liberally for his kind attention to his charge.

To the inexpressible regret of every one who knew her, Charles was informed of his aunt's demise, and of course Mr. Morton's household œconomy was deranged.

This good and amiable woman had used her endeavors at reconciling her brother to her niece, whose faults she considered properly as
errors

errors of youth; but that stubborn inflexibility, which was so very worthy of esteem in a good cause, carried him into unwarrantable perseverance in the present instance. She pined in secret, and had not the distance been such as to prevent it, she certainly would have seen the fair sufferer.

A severe paralytic, suddenly deprived her worthy friends of a good, and much lamented character.

Mr. Morton now sighed for those domestic comforts hitherto enjoyed in peace, and wished an opportunity

to offer of retracting from his ill-judged conduct to his niece.

Yet such is the perverseness of human nature, that he would not first seek *her*; and, from his recent conduct, Eliza judged it useless to again solicit him.

Time flew imperceptibly away, when a sudden event removed Mr. Morton's prejudice, and restored him to his niece. Her own pen shall relieve the suspense which the curious must suffer, and she shall plaintively tell her own sad tale.

MRS. BEAUMONT

T O

MRS. DE LOME.

YOUR affecting letters I am at length permitted to read ; and I am once more enabled to trace the feelings of the heart on the inanimate paper ; and, if my fading memory will permit me, I will account for my *long* silence in retracing the cause of my anguish.

Think not a retrospection of the past will awaken my sorrow. No ;

the subject is consonant with my feelings, and my soul loves to brood over them in silence.

In a former letter, I mentioned a Mr. Loyd, as an eccentric young man, who seemed sedulous to be known to my family, and a few visits to his father emboldened the young man so far as to visit *me*. His character I have described. I could derive little satisfaction from his society; but Emily seemed more pensive than usual; sighed, and wept frequently.

As I knew no real cause for her uneasiness, I was attentive to her
con-

conduct, and found my fears verified in my supposition of her having fixed her affections on Mr. Loyd. But I conceived it best to seem ignorant of it, as, independant of the difference in fortune, Mr. Loyd seemed to overlook her merits totally. But I trifle.

On the arrival of the Ships from India, I eagerly waited for a packet, but was disagreeably disappointed.

Mr. Loyd saw my anxiety, and flew post to London to search the lists. Vain was his endeavors; there was no return of my dear Beau-

mont's name. He enquired amongst the officers returned home in the last ships, and the result will appear from his letter to me.

THE LETTER.

MADAM,

I COULD have wished to have been spared the painful task I imposed upon myself, solely with a view towards establishing your peace of mind. Ah, at this moment, I dare intrude on your privacy; and, by my advice and anxious solicitude, soften the pangs this letter will create. Yet I should hold myself criminal [and contemptible were I to

attempt to deceive or flatter you into the belief of Mr. Beaumont's existence; as I am informed, from indubitable authority, that, being ordered up the Carnatic, he was taken prisoner by Tippoo Saib, and died of the various hardships he sustained. Ah, dearest Madam, let not immoderate grief render you forgetful of the sacred trust reposed in you. Your son has claims on you which you ought not to omit; society has likewise many more. Ah, do not then be deaf to their pleas! Live to bless all around you, and gladden us with your smiles.

T. LOYD.

Weak, short sighted mortals !
 The morning which brought this
 cruel intelligence had I been plan-
 ning future scenes of comfort ; my
 spirits were unusually good. I had
 folded my little prattler to my breast
 with ecstatic transport. Ah, little
 did I think how distant the period
 when I again should embrace him !
 Nay, when David brought in the
 fatal letter, I laid it aside until I had
 given orders for placing a portrait
 of my beloved in the breakfasting
 parlour. An image of him which
 I prize beyond life, and saved it
 from the wreck of our furniture.

‘ Will you not read your letter,’
 said Emily.—I broke the seal. I
 read.

read. A sudden mist clouded my eyes, my temples' throbbled even to bursting; a burning heat passed across my brain, never, never to be extinguished but by the cold hand of death. I sunk into the affrighted Emily's arms.—Too soon did my eyes open, my treacherous senses were fled—a tear would have saved my reason, but to what purpose? only to cheat my heart of its short-lived bliss, insensibility. I can no more. I vainly imagined I was equal to the task—Ah, no.—

CHARLES MORTON, Esq.

T O

MRS. DE LOME.

DEAREST MADAM,

PERMIT me to finish the melancholy recital began by my suffering sister. We were obliged to interrupt her in the task she had imposed on herself. I will, without farther ceremony, continue the subject from hers.

Wild and incoherent was her language; and her unsettled looks and wandering feet discovered the afflicting truth.

Emily

Emily fortunately collected fortitude in her trying situation; and, sending for Mr. Loyd, a worthy minister of this place, to consult, as he was intimate with the family. She resolved to write to my uncle.

On the receipt of this letter, he hesitated not. 'Charles,' said he, 'let us fly to this dear creature, it is the cause of humanity. My darling Eliza. Poor child, how cruelly have I used thee!'

We travelled day and night until we reached this village, nor partook of any nourishment.

My

My uncle was himself (though subject to the gout) superior to fatigue. He flew into the house—
 ‘Where is this unfortunate sufferer?’ exclaimed he, and insisted on being conducted to her apartment. My heart sickened at the idea of the interview; and, as I entered the apartment, every sense for a moment stood suspended. Ah, Madam! judge my feelings at the sight of this once-lovely blooming sister: from whose eyes beamed forth the mildness of angels, now wan, pallid; so fragile as to exhibit the remains only of her former self. Her looks unsettled, and her eyes gazing, unmeaningly, on each object around, and now attentive

tentive to a fanciful wreath of flowers she had twisted fantastically enough together, talking to herself with vast eagerness.

My uncle approached her. ‘ My poor Eliza, gracious heaven restore her. She knows me,’ said he. The dear maniac had fixed her eyes on him; and, suddenly scattering the flowers she held, burst forth in the wild accents of despair—

‘ Who to my woes relief advises !’

Her manner, the breaks in her voice so affected us, that Mr. Morton threw himself into a chair, and gave way to the pointed anxiety he felt.

Emily,

Emily, accustomed to her wild manner, was less affected, and entreated us to withdraw ; which, as he was not equal to the trying scene, he rushed into the next apartment.

I folded my arms around her—she broke from my embrace, and I was forced into the adjacent room ; where my worthy relative sat stifling the little Edward with his caresses.

‘ Thou, my blessed infant,’ said he,
‘ I will protect to my last hour.’

We were now prevailed on to take some refreshment, and we became more tranquil.

When

When we are once accustomed to scenes of horror, we feel less compunction, until the mind becomes familiarized, and the first impressions are less acute.

The infantine prattle of the child beguiled the weary hours, which were passed in attending her motions, which were so wild and irregular as to require more than the common care of domestics. Mr. Loyd arrived from London, and confirmed the news to me : and, by his assiduity to my sister, gained my esteem. He watched *her* footsteps, soothed her lonely hours, and, in fact, was every way pleasant. His father added

added not a little to our society by his excellent understanding and lessons of patience and resignation.

Two years passed in anxious solicitude ; and we had the best medical advice. We travelled with her to different parts of England, hoping a ray of reason would again return, but all our efforts were ineffectual. We therefore returned with her, and my uncle set about improving the house, rendering it larger and more commodious, and extending the garden, besides other improvements, having determined never to quit her again.

We

We were sitting one morning in her dressing-room, my uncle planning out farther plantations, Emily reading to the dear boy, myself and Loyd conversing deeply; as I find him (abstracted from his tinsel, a tolerable well informed man) suddenly we observed Eliza start from a gentle doze, and gaze affrighted around her. I imagined, and not without reason, I saw something like perception darting on her mind. She heaved a deep sigh, and faintly articulated, 'Where am I—I feel oddly here, (laying her hand on her heart) very cold. Oh! I have been a long while asleep. My head too!—'

Emily

Emily approached her ; and raising her hand to her lips, said, ‘ ah, dearest madam, how happy am I once more to hear you speak !’

She looked wildly at her ; then, clasping her arms around her neck, in a speechless transport she fainted. We conveyed her to bed ; and, the physician entering, strictly forbid any conversation with her, observing, much depended on keeping her quiet.

A transient recollection now seemed to dawn on her mind, and she recognized Emily ; and next day asked, confusedly, for the child.

Unable

Unable to withstand her solicitations to see him, Emily ran to bring him. The child drew back, saying, 'but will mama never again be angry with her boy; I fear she won't kiss me now; but she don't look so cross as she did. See, dear mama, 'tis I, your own Edward.'

Eliza looked at him in speechless rapture, and snatched him to her breast, smothered him with caresses, his arms incircled her neck, and his lips spoke his innocent joy.

My uncle was not to be restrained from just taking one look at her; when the efforts I made to prevent his

his entrance into the room, drew her attention towards us—Her eyes met those of my worthy relative. She sprang from the bed, and endeavored to struggle from the arms of her attendants, to throw herself at his feet. When she was replaced on the bed, Mr. Morton hastened to her, and, clasping his arms around her, hung over her as a parent over a long lost babe. ‘ My darling, my Eliza! Blessed be God for restoring you to me!’ ‘ Ah, Sir, do you forgive me!’—‘ Forgive thee! I can scarce forgive myself. But, my dear girl, I believe here is a young man would gladly share your friendship.’—‘ My brother!—Ah, this is too much! what pleasure

pleasure do I now feel; blest with such friends, am I not happy?'—

'Ask not your heart now that question, my beloved sister, lest it should play truant.'

The physician had insisted on silence and proper regimen, which we were obliged to submit to. In a few days we had the satisfaction of seeing her much better; and she could bear a removal into the air. Her surprize at every thing around her, the joy she felt at experiencing the benefit of breathing the pure air, gave us heart-felt satisfaction.

Your

Your brother-in-law, the Colonel, called in vast haste once ; but he was so much afflicted, and her Ladyship so terrified, as to insist on an immediate departure, as she should certainly go into fits, she declared, if she saw my sister. Weak, unfeeling woman, she should have seen and profited by the sight ; it would have been a lesson imprinted in indelible traits on her memory ; and perhaps she would have felt a pang at the sight of this young and once lovely woman ; whose pleasures are blasted, whose joys wither before her, and who finds no consolation in this world, but what arises from the hopes of a better. Sup-

ported by the rectitude of her own conduct, she endeavors to reconcile herself to the will of God, and murmurs not.

Your worthy father, I hope is well ; present my best wishes.

I am, Yours, &c.

MRS. BEAUMONT

TO

MRS. DE LOME.

MY brother being busily employed, I seize this opportunity of answering your last kind letter, but, must aver, the contents filled me with sorrow and regret. Ah ! lovely, ill-fated Marianne ! Victim to superstition, and a sacrifice to fanaticism. Collect yourself, my dear friend, ere you precipitate your child into an abyss of sorrow.—

H 2

Young

Young, lively ; why seclude her from a world she was born to adorn ; for me, had I happily made the choice when in my power, succeeding days of unhappiness had been spared me—deceive not yourself, think coolly, is it not the enthusiasm of the moment ; I cannot persuade myself that religion requires such an offering.

Now let me inform you of one truth, amidst a set of young amiable women, sisters of the convent in which I was educated, not one in ten was confessedly happy. A cloister requires not such examples as your child. The most pleasing offering to the throne of heaven is the heart,
pure

pure and undefiled, and a rectitude of conduct, which will insure both temporal and future happiness. Religion is so simple and unadorned, as stand into little need of that pomp you are accustomed to see her tricked out in.

Oh, that I could once more behold you in England; but why should I wish to give you pain, for surely the sight of me would shock you. With pleasure I look forward to that asylum, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary find rest.

A few years since I lived for my husband, and consoled myself with the fond hope of being again folded in his dear arms—but to lose him for ever, while my beating heart felt an affection so pure, so superior to common love, 'twas too, too much ;—great God of mercy preserve my wandering brain, my poor scattered senses forsake their seat. Surely in the world to which I am hastening (with more satisfaction than ever an enraptured bride to join her doating bridegroom) I shall find that peace the futile senseless joys of this cannot give. I must lay down my pen—

CHARLES MORTON

T O

LORD MONSON.

MY dear Lord, as you are already acquainted with the cause of my abrupt departure from London, you will spare me the necessity of an apology therefore for that part of my conduct.

The remembrance of the felicity I have partook with you lives in my memory, and leaves a deep regret

H 4

at

at the necessity of a separation. My sister recovers slowly, but so soon as I can, with the assistance of her better health, leave her, I will join you instantly.

Our society is pleasing enough ; a young man, an admirer of my sister's, contributes not a little to our amusement by his eccentricity ; his knowledge of the world is tolerably extensive, but he has adopted the most singular ideas imaginable, and his arguments, with such cool, dull fellow as myself, only tend to giving him the victory, as I own I think his principles not worth a contention. As for his opinions, it
is

is so difficult a matter to discover them, that you scarce can coincide with him a moment. This youth is the greatest egotist in nature, and the plausibility of his tales, of which himself is the hero, his voluble tongue, and his confidence somehow ever carries the point he wishes to gain. His fortune is ample, and his attention to my sister, during her loss of reason, was peculiarly pleasing. His father is a good and worthy man.

Young Loyd purchased an estate in the vicinity, in compliment to our family, and took care of my nephew, Edward, for some months. The

H 5

boy

boy is wonderfully improved, and gives even reason at present to hope his talents are worth the pains of cultivation ; he is shrewd and penetrating, and possesses a good memory. I intend to make this boy my sole care, and will shelter him from future misfortunes.

Loyd has unwittingly stole into the good graces of a modest, good young woman, who is companion to Eliza ; she listens to his small talk with avidity, blushes like the maiden rose if he chance to speak to her, and is consumed by a hopeless passion.

My

My sister seems dead to every concern but her care for her son, and friendship for those around her. And now, my Lord, to the subject which renders me a stricken deer.

I love Harriet with an affection pure and disinterested as ever warmed the breast of nymph or swain, who wandered over flowery dales to tell their love in golden ages past. (Do you not think I improve in my style? Lovers should be somewhat poetic). I confess I feel very little inclination to Quixotism, and, without some scheme of that sort, my happiness, with respect to my future prospects with her, are at a vast
dis-

distance. I have wrote to Maynard, setting forth my expectations, connexions, &c. my birth is the worst part of the story, as my family, mushroom-like, have sprung up to inherit Fortune's favours, from small beginnings, and low extraction. I informed him how unfortunate I was in that respect, not having the honour of being related to any human being, who was so fashionable to contract debts they never intended to pay, make promises without keeping them, or spirit enough to have a female friend ; that only a few years since my grandfather died worth a hundred thousand pounds, which he had procured with immense pains
and

and labour, and after making a partial will, left the bulk of it to public charities, saying, as the publick had been the means of his accumulating wealth, it was but just they should share it with him. (You see, Monson, what a mechanical stock I rose from).

Mr. Maynard answered my eccentric epistle very sensibly; he praised my moderation, and lamented that a train of untoward circumstances, such as it was out of his power to reveal to me, gave him not the liberty of disposing of Harriet, but he owned himself averse to parting with her; but feeling his constitution

stitution daily impaired, he was now preparing for a better world, his death would leave her free to act as she thought proper; not only so, but he would bequeath her to me, as the legacy of a man who was her only friend.

What say you to our taking a trip again to the Continent, and let me present you to Mr. Maynard in form. I must ramble somewhere, to divert me from the gloomy sadness and depression of spirits. I feel nothing is so effective as travelling; and, in spite of myself, my feet will instinctively turn towards my Harriet's residence. But come, we shall meet some *bon vivants*

wants in our excursion, and pick up enough of anecdote to divert the spleen; therefore, I will still exclaim, *Vive la bagettelle.* Adieu.

Yours ever,

C. MORTON.

MRS. BEAUMONT

TO

MRS. DE LOME.

SURELY my domestic vexations will never cease; I am an object to excite disgust in lieu of affection, and here is a man annoying me to death with his passion for me; I suppose he is emboldened to attempt this from my uncle's partiality for him. I have coolly and deliberately decided on the matter, nor shall the kneeling world tempt
me

me—Mr. Loyd the husband of Eliza Beaumont! heaven and earth forbid. Why, why are my friends so cruelly kind? Why not suffer me to live to please myself? To add to my affliction, Emily pines daily, and I am well aware she has fixed her affections on this man, who treats her with insolent pity.

A few days since, when this man was first proposed by my brother, Emily was present, her confusion was evident, and the conscious tear declared how much she felt. When my brother retired, she addressed herself to me, with—‘I have a request to make, dear Madam, and trust you will

will not deny me.' 'Not, if in my power to grant, Emily.' 'Suffer me then, Madam, to return to my father's, and end my days in peaceful obscurity; for never, never can I know happiness more.' 'Why this, my dear girl, is very romantic; in the name of all that is sensible, what is your meaning—tell me.' She blushed, and hesitated, 'I cannot, indeed.'

Her tears now streamed, and I, in vain, argued, advised, and threatened; my uncle entering, observed her anxiety, 'So, so, young lady, all is not well in your heart I see; do you think both of you to defy death

death in this manner, while such
an old fellow as myself covets life
for both your sakes.'

'Come, Emily, confess the little
god has made havock in your heart.'
Emily blushed and hung abashed.
'Come, have I not guessed it.'

'Pray, Sir, spare me further
question, and prevail on Mrs. Beau-
mont to grant my request.'

'Call you this friendship, Emily,
would you leave me to sink into the
grave, without a friendly hand to
close my eyes. Have you no forti-
tude? Where are fled those exalted
ideas, those pure sentiments which
ena-

enabled you to rise superior to the woes with which you so recently have been surrounded ; so you would wish to give up the world for so idle a passion as love.'

' Ah ! dear Madam, how easy to talk on this score, when your own heart militates against such arguments ; are you not a proof how strong the ascendancy of the passion of love is over the human mind. Emily, learn to distinguish ; I mourn the man by whom I was adored ; my severe and deep regrets are for the husband and the father of my lovely boy. But grant this, I strive to surmount my grief, for well I know it

is impious, as conveying a reflection on the unerring decrees of Providence ; but no change of place or objects can efface from my breast his dear image. When I survey the past, my soul sickens, my imagination, ever active, retraces events I wish ever to be blotted from my memory. Blest saint, look down from heaven and comfort the mourner. Ah, if it is given, in a better world, to meet, to know each other, thy Eliza shall fly to thy arms pure and chaste as mortal can be—the subject is too much’——

Emily perceiving she had awakened unpleasing sensations in my breast,

breast, she endeavoured to console me, and promised to be guided solely by me.

Loyd will never render her happy, if she was to be united to him, but I am well aware he would laugh at the idea. In me he excites not one favourable emotion, though in my presence he is mild, diffident, and unassuming; yet I know him overbearing, proud, and insolent; and why may I not live to please myself in retirement and peace.

My uncle is good and tender, I have severely suffered for my first precipitancy, let them not urge me to a second misery.

My

My brother is again setting out from England; surely he has a strong attachment which will induce him to leave me thus; but no matter, I am perhaps peevish, but be it as it may, I am, and ever shall be,

Yours.

My

CHARLES MORTON

TO

LORD MONSON.

THIS Loyd is a compound;
deuce take the fellow, he possesses
such capability and varies his dis-
position so much as leaves me at a
loss to make out his real character.

A few days since I was riding alone,
indulging myself in a reverie, you
may suppose the subject, when I
observed Loyd in close conference
with a woman, as they were in a
path

path shaded by an hedge ; I passed
 them unnoticed, and rode forward ;
 shortly I observed him take his rout
 homeward, and the woman came
 towards me. She was a middle aged
 decent looking female enough, and
 I was determined to chat with her ;
 for this purpose I alighted, and
 forcing her, by my impertinent lo-
 quacity, into conversation, I asked
 if she knew that young man ? ‘ Know
 him, Sir, God for ever bless him for
 his goodness, I have reason to know
 and to love him, indeed. Ah, your
 honour thinks as I once did, that he
 was a sad rake, but I could tell you
 otherwise.’ ‘ Do then, I shall be
 obliged very much.’ ‘ But we shall be
 VOL. II. I seen.

seen. I have a little cottage just by, Sir, if you chuse to rest yourself: I think you are Madam Beaumont's brother.' 'The same.'

We entered a neat thatched cottage, where the greatest simplicity and cleanliness seemed to predominate. Two children, whose complexion evinced them children of the sun, were amusing themselves; the eldest seemed eight years old. The good woman modestly answered my questions respecting them, and informed me the children were Mr. Loyd's, brought by him from India. — 'He is very good to them; and now, Sir, I will tell you by what means

means I became known to him two years ago. My sister, with her daughter, went to London to solicit the pension from the clergy, as my brother was a curate and a pious man. I, Sir, went with them. My poor sister was disappointed in her expectations and fell sick very soon after. Being total strangers in London, and sickness being expensive, we soon dissipated our little all, and our friendless situation exposed us to many difficulties. London is a sad place to be poor in. Well, Sir, my sister lingered, and at length died. Our situation was now deplorable, as we were bereft even of the means of

laying her decently in the ground. My niece was young, and tolerably pretty, pure, and unspotted as the virgin snow. The poor girl grieved much.

The woman, at whose house we lodged, knew Mr. Loyd, and his general character with regard to women. Unknown to us, she went to him, and laid before him our deplorable circumstances, giving him a description of my poor niece. Curiosity (indeed, Sir, not so good a motive I believe) induced him to see us. Ah, Sir, what a sight for a man come for the worst purposes. He beheld the corpse, not yet inclosed

closed in a coffin ; he saw the victim, offered him by the vile wretch of the house, trembling before him, bathed in tears ; he was shocked, and appeared very thoughtful ; he then turned to me, and desired I would give him an account of the distress before him. When I had finished, he thus spoke :

“ I have listened to your artless story, which I dare say is true. I came hither, I confess, to offer you assistance, and expected, from your relation, a grateful return. But the scene before me, the girl’s grief, so powerfully affect me, that I hope I feel myself equal to every thing but

her seduction. She is young and lovely, and every man will not perhaps think as I do, but will strive to increase the herd of wantons, by robbing her of her chastity.

‘ Let what is necessary be done for the deceased, and I will pension the girl in a convent until something can be done for her; meanwhile let this answer the present exigencies.’

‘ I threw myself at his feet, while poor Sarah clasped her hands in speechless gratitude.’ ‘Nay, no thanks, I do but my duty, and hope, for the honour of human nature, any of my sex would have done the same.’

‘ The

‘ The only means by which you can repay me, young woman, is by a strict adherence to a moral rectitude of conduct. Virtue alone constitutes happiness; mistake me not, by virtue I mean not absolutely chastity. There are many of your sex chaste and not virtuous, the latter are devoid of chastity. You must ever preserve both, and depend on my services. This advice comes with an ill grace from a man whose actions are at war with morality; but not, I hope, with less effect from that motive. Adieu — I will see you soon.’

‘ He left us, charmed with his manners.

‘ In a few days he saw us again.

‘ My poor girl had now made herself decent, and he seemed to gaze at her with a pleasure which alarmed me.’

‘ You must quit England soon,’ said he. ‘ I feel already I shall else be tempted to forget those principles I have strove to practise, and I wish not to wound my own peace or embitter yours ; therefore I shall see

you no more—write to me when
you arrive at ——

• I have here made out your letter of recommendation, and have wrote to the Lady, *superieur* of the convent, by whom you will be well received. And now, good woman, what must I do for you ?

• I told his honour I was able to work.

• No, no; at your time of life you must not labour, I have a plan for you, which I will think of; leave London whenever you please,

and hold yourself ready to attend my first letter.'

' I saw Sarah safe under the protection of a family going to France, and returned home, and shortly after his honour desired me, by letter, to come here, with my little matter of goods, and settle; he then introduced these two young gentlemen, and pays me very well for their board; they are good tempered, only a little proud or so.—What brought me and my master together this day was a letter from my niece, in which she mentions a lady having taking a liking to her, and offered her

her protection, and not being willing to be a burthen to her worthy friend, she wishes to embrace the offer.

‘ As the family is noble, and known to Mr. Loyd, he has given permission, and I hope God will bless him for his goodness !’

I heard her with pleasure, and remarked, her language was above her station.

She answered, ‘ her story was not uncommon ; she was the daughter of a clergyman, unhappily married, and long left a widow !’ I promised to call on her, and presenting her

with a trifle, mounted my horse and pursued my ride.

On my return, I entertained my sister with this account. She faintly smiled, and said, ' She wished to think well of him, but thought the merit was not great, as it was merely a duty.' To this cool reflection I only bowed, but believe it made a little for him. I would wish her to think better of him, as the young man really loves her, and sacrifices his whole existence to her. I am interrupted. Adieu.

(181)

CHARLES MORTON

TO

LORD MONSON.

I HAVE received a summons to attend Mr. Maynard, who is dangerously ill; I fly therefore to him on the wings of expectation, and leave my beloved family with the most sanguine hopes of making an addition to it in my beloved Harriet. Loyd accompanies me, and we have wrung from my sister an unwilling consent, that, on my return,

(182)

turn, if I am successful, she will
give him her hand. Heaven grant
this. My next will be dated from
Brussels; adieu.

Yours ever.

The same to the same.

I FOUND Mr. Maynard much better, he seemed pleased to see me.

‘ Mr. Morton,’ said he, ‘ you have obeyed my summons, and have arrived to perform the melancholy office of closing my eyes.’

‘ Harriet is not improved, either in spirits or health. Poor girl, I have been unkind, but from the best motives. My heart, dead to every

every emotion, I fall a victim to disappointment, love and shame.

• My last, my fondest sighs, are still lingering in favour of the unfortunate mother of my Harriet. I hope the Father of Mercies has granted her pardon, and received her to his favour.

• Torn from the joys of society, the sweet blossoms of hope nipped in the bud; I die a willing sacrifice.

• Great God of Mercies extend thy pity to the wretch who has caused this ruin. Punish him in this world,

world, but give him repentance, and grant him thy peace in the next.'

I feared his exhausting himself too much, therefore changed the subject to indifferent matters. He saw through my motive, and gave way to it—He rested ill, and, when I paid my respects to him in the morning, he desired Harriet would attend him. She entered, blushing, adorned with native innocence.

When I saw her last, she was a fine girl, but now the graces of maturity give new charms, and the sweet girl of seventeen is lost in the
con-

contemplation of the most charming woman of five and twenty.

‘ Come near me, Harriet—The whole tenor of my conduct has been, to you, marked with an austerity foreign to my nature; yet, when I have been listening to you, and wished to clasp my arms around you, doubts have arose in my bosom, and repressed every parental emotion. The time of your deliverance is nigh; death comes with hasty strides, you will rejoice at his approach, as it will set you free from a restraint every way irksome. Nay, speak not, I anticipate all you would say. But, Harriet, I know too well the
work-

workings of the human heart ; look on that young man as your future guardian, and let your unhappy mother's fate warn you of the danger attendant on the loss of innocence, and a deviation from the paths of virtue. One request only I wish you to attend to, that my memory may be honoured by you for one twelve-month ere you marry, and that you will not ever hold correspondence or converse with (for even one hour) the author of my ruin, upon pain of forfeiting my whole fortune.

* Ah, Charles, I hope she will render you happy. She is mild and amiable, and free from levity ; use her

her kindly. Be unto her the friend,
the brother, and husband.'

He sunk on his pillow—Harriet,
bathed in tears, knelt at his bed-
side; and, pressing his hand be-
twixt hers, poured forth her grati-
tude in the language of nature, which
is ever pure and unaffected.

'I would sleep, my good girl,
leave me, but do not quit the room.'

We drew the curtains and re-
tired to the window. I then took
her hand, and, with all the eloquence
of looks and sighs, breathed out the
fondest and most ardent wishes for
her

her happiness. She hung her head
on my shoulder and wept aloud. I
ventured to kiss off the pearly drops,
and left her in haste to write thus
far. Adieu.

The same to the same.

TO what a scene have I been witness! The suffering Maynard is no more! And his death was hastened by an event so unexpected as left not the means of prevention. I retired to write my last to you, and then rejoined my Harriet, who was sitting, with a filial duty, one arm passed round Mr. Maynard's neck, the other administering him a cordial; his head reclined on her bosom, and his arms encircled her waist. I sat down, and he seemed
revived

revived by the cordial he had taken. A servant entered the room abruptly, followed by a gentleman—The servant saying, ‘Sir, I have not been able to prevent this person from coming up stairs.’

The stranger drew near the bed, while Mr. Maynard, looking earnestly at him (horror was depicted in his countenance) he exclaimed, ‘Great God! is not then the measure of my woes compleat, but am I, in my last moments, to be still haunted by that fiend. Oh, heaven, in mercy spare me!’—It was Lord Osborne.

He

He threw himself on his knees, and addressed the dying sufferer as follows : ‘ I do not come, Mr. Maynard, to embitter your quiet ; pursued as I am, by my guilt, I come to ask for pity and forgiveness. I heard of your ill state of health ; I hoped the principles of that religion you profess, the precepts of that God you adore, would induce you to sign my pardon for the injury I have done you. I have no excuse, no palliation : I bear about a life which is a burthen, and vainly seek content.’

Mr.

Mr. Maynard's face was hid in Harriet's bosom, while he strained her to his breast.

Lord Osborne proceeded.—‘Plead for me, young Lady, and let me hear one word from him and I will depart instantly.’

The dear girl looked up, her eyes met his—‘Shield me from the murderer of the best of men, and the author of my misery,’ said she, with a frantic air; then, reclining her head on Mr. Maynard’s, averted her face.—We all were silent.

Mr. Maynard breathed short, cold drops overspread his forehead; his frame was convulsed. He looked up—‘ Harriet, I die. Is he gone? I pardon him——may heaven forgive him, but let me not see him more!’

He again was silent. I intreated his Lordship to withdraw, but his agitation was so great as scarce to leave him the power of quitting the room,

Harriet exclaimed wildly to me, ‘ Charles———Speak to me, dear Sir——my heart, my all.’ He fixed his eyes on her with a look I
can

can never forget; and, again straining her to his breast, expired.

Harriet fainted; and so severe was the conflict, that we doubted her again reviving.

Buried in our cares for her, we forgot the melancholy state of the corpse, which was stiffening around her, and with difficulty we separated the dead from the living, and I carried the precious burthen to her apartment.

I conjured Lord Osborne to quit the house, and repeated the injunction of Mr. Maynard. He reluct-

antly took leave, and I declined an intimacy on any terms with him. He is much emaciated—So you find, Monson, I have enough on my hands.

The poor dear girl is struggling on the verge of the grave, myself worn out with fatigue and anxiety; however, I must be cheerful. [Adieu. And, in all situations,

Yours, faithfully,

C. MORTON.

((197))

MRS. BEAUMONT

T O

MRS. DE LOME.

YEARS, months and days steal on, and bring with them no return of pleasure.

My brother has been absent some time, and I daily expect his return with Harriet Maynard. Shall I say I dread his return? I do.

Teized with vexatious importunities, I promised, with this reservation, that could he obtain the hand of Miss Maynard, I would become the wife of Mr. Loyd.

K 3

I vainly

I vainly and selfishly flattered myself this event was far distant ; nor once did my regard for the fondest of brother's induce me to wish it.

Alas ! they will shortly be blest.

My child, it is true, wants a father's fostering care, when I am laid in my peaceful grave. — Shall I then prevent his future happiness ? No.

Poor, misguided, precipitate mortals as we are, how much are we the artificers of our own misery ?

Colonel Wilson has experienced the keenest pangs in the conduct of Lady Ann ; who has eloped with a
man

man whom she has not known above twelve months—but has carried on an illicit commerce with him ever since. Her innocent offspring have to lament the mother's depravity, as a source of everlasting misery to them. One girl, and two sweet boys are left behind; the eldest child, to her disgrace, accompanies her.

The Colonel is in a state little short of distraction; now he reflects on himself for his too fatal indulgence of her propensities.

Still blinded by his partiality, he will not seek a divorce, but argues in this way — ‘ You little know my heart, and the purity of its intention; fallen as she is, whenever she

returns repentant, I will fly with her to the most remote spot in nature, and shelter her from infamy. And though I would not ever take pollution to my arms, I will not cause her to seek an eternal source of misery in prostitution. My children shall be my future solace, and I will loose the remembrance of the mother's failings in the childrens' virtues.'

Colonel Wilson is not now a man of the world.

You promise to see me next spring; ah, do not disappoint me. But let me behold the friend of my heart, and the brother of Clara once more, and it will reanimate the
springs

‘springs of life; each year of my
sad widowhood but increases sor-
row.

My uncle, some time since, had
an inclination to make enquiry at
the India-house, to know whether
there were any effects of my dear
Beaumont's left; and to ascertain, if
possible, the place he died at. The
secretary of the Bengal establish-
ment declared, there was not the
least account had ever reached Eng-
land, nor did he recollect the name.
Poor fellow, he was of ~~two~~ little
account to be noticed; a mere sol-
dier of fortune, unfriended and un-
known.

My dearest uncle is so affectionately apprehensive for my health, that his whole time is passed in striving to amuse me. My faded form exhibits only slight traces of my former self ; my poor withered arms, when raised, startles me to behold them ; my disorder is a flattering enemy, cheating me and the physicians, with alternate hopes and fears. Grief is a sure but not a quick destroyer.

Edward improves daily, his opening mind unfolds a mine of virtues. Ah, may they ripen and prove him an ornament to human nature ! Mr. Loyd, senior, has instilled the true principles of morality

rality in him, aided by religion, without which no real virtue can exist. He reads English and Latin authors with precision and justness; the mere ornamental parts of education his own application must assist him to attain at a future period. Glowing with health, I see him now approach me. I must embrace him. Adieu.

Yours,

The Same to the Same.

MY friend, my beloved Marianne, suffer me to pour forth my transport in your friendly bosom—He lives, he lives! I have been enfolded in his dear arms—I have laid my head on his breast, and felt the pressure of his lips—Ah, let no one presume to censure the unerring decrees of Providence. If I dare trust my senses with the relation, I will be methodical.

On the twenty-sixth of April last,
the anniversary of that day which
gave

gave me, young, blooming in health, to my loved Edward's arms. I rose oppressed with unusual sadness, and my anxiety was not a little increased by a letter from my brother, which informed me, they were on their way home. I looked at my boy—The pearly drops of sympathy stood in his eyes. 'Why, dear mother, will you grieve so; upon my word you will break my heart—I am afraid to let you or my uncle see me cry, but when I go to bed I weep and pray almost all night.'

This day, Edward, thirteen years since, made me the happiest of women. Your dear father was my
bliss

Bliss—Why did he ever leave me? I cast my eyes mournfully towards his portrait, which represented him just as he appeared when we met at the altar. A thousand fond ideas rushed on my memory, and overpowered me. I sunk lifeless in my child's arms. My uncle was absent with Emily; and, on the child's hastily ringing with his disengaged arm, Nannette flew into the room.

At this very moment David, without previous ceremony, (he is a stranger to forms) introduced a gentleman into the parlour. Beholding the scene before him, he started, and asked pardon for his intrusion;

trusion; and, at Edward's earnest request, who retired with him, withdrew into the next parlour.

The man was affected; indeed none but a statue would have beheld the meagre, wan shadow, as I am, dressed in black, a habit I have never lain aside, without sense or motion, in the arms of a lovely boy, in whose countenance blooms health and sprightliness, without sensations of pity and regret.

Nannette, knowing me subject to severe faintings, gradually recovered me; and, the child entering, informed me a gentleman was arrived
with

with letters from India.—From India? For what new woes am I yet reserved. Trembling from head to foot, agonizing at every pore, I desired the gentleman might enter. He appeared a decent, well-looking man, about forty, his face much sun-burnt, and he seemed very grave; but his person employed only a single glance. With eagerness I demanded the letters.

‘If your name is Beaumont, I am commissioned to deliver them; but you are so much unlike this picture, intrusted to my care by a much regretted friend, that you must pardon my doubts.’

It

It was the picture I sat for, previous to my husband's departure.

Indeed, I pardoned him, for scarce a trait of what I was remained.

' Grief, Sir, is not a respecter of persons. Sorrow has furrowed my brow, and left her indelible marks.

' This is my mother's picture I am sure, Sir.'

' Are you that lady's son? if so, I will take your word for the original.' So saying, he delivered a packet into my hand. With an

eager

eager haste I broke the seal, when the hand-writing of Beaumont met my eye. Cold dews hung on my forehead, and the letters were impervious to my sight. Tears opportunely relieved me. I attempted to apologize, but the gentleman's agitation was as great as mine.

My child's whole attention was bestowed on the stranger's face; when he suddenly turned to me—'Bless me, mother, how like that picture this gentleman is.' I involuntarily raised my eyes, they met his, the tones of his voice were distantly remembered—I shrieked—It was my Beaumont—

Heaven

Heaven and earth, what were my sensations—This was too much for my poor weak frame. Joy and surprise mingled emotions of delight, and pain bound up every nerve.

How long I continued senseless I know not ; but, on recovery, found myself in my husband's arms. My boy hanging over me speechless at the scene before him. I strained my long lost Edward to my breast, I hid my face in his bosom, but could not articulate one syllable.

* Speak to me, my Eliza, my new found blessing. Ah, why these causeless tears, unless you would see me
in

in reality dead at your feet: I am
come home to bless thee with com-
fort and peace.'

'Ah, Sir,' said Nannette, 'we
have had a sad time of it; I knew
your honour directly, but was afraid
of alarming Madam.'

'Nannette, you are a good crea-
ture still.'

'I hope so, Sir.'

At this instant we heard a bustle.
David had flown into the village,
and thinking good news could not
be too soon communicated, inform-

ed

ed every living creature he met, that
his master was returned from the
East-Indies. My uncle found him
surrounded with a breathless crowd
of peasants, and desired to partake
the news; and, naturally enough,
concluded the man mad, from his
incoherent wild manner: yet, for-
getful of his gout, he hastened home,
when David rushed in before him;
Now, Sir, believe me, 'tis as like
him as two peas, bating his honour's
complexion;

My uncle looked earnestly at Ed-
ward, and exclaimed, 'Sure enough
'tis he! Good God, where have you
been; and what wonders are these?

' Ah,

‘ Ah, dear Sir, say you forgive me.’

‘ Forgive you ; can you forgive yourself for neglecting that dear woman and her infant.’

‘ Permit me to exonerate myself from such a charge, and let me plead the necessity of circumstances as my excuse for a conduct hitherto apparently blameable ; but we will not weary your gentle spirits, my love. I suppose I may send for my baggage.’ David appeared — ‘Tis here, your honour. I made bold to fetch un.’ We smiled at David’s zeal.

Emily

Emily wept with joy, but her attention to my health superceeded every other consideration. She observed me very calm, while a deep suffusion, quite unusual, crimsoned my cheeks. She addressed me, and found her fears verified; I rambled much.

Dr. Price being sent for, declared me feverish, and advised rest; treated it lightly; but before midnight a burning fever scorched my very vitals; I raved incessantly. Ah, my friend, I shall not easily forget the luxury I felt at having a cold icy hand applied to my forehead. My husband quitted not the room for a mo-

moment, and death seemed already grasping his prey.

The physician prevailed on my husband to let him try a remedy, which would bring the fever to a crisis; added to which, a seton was applied; this my friends unwillingly assented, and favourably it operated, as it totally changed the whole mass of blood, and in four and twenty hours restored me to my senses.

I gradually mended from this period; and the springs of life seem invigorated, I live now for my husband; now do I adore the gracious power,
who,

who, out of much seeming evil, has produced real good.

Our worthy minister, Mr. Loyd, though he sincerely rejoices in my felicity, yet regrets his son's disappointment, by reason, he supposes, the young man will quit this part of the country.

Emily flatters herself, but I am certain she is self-deceived, and should so unexpected an event take place, no happiness can be expected where an union of hearts are wanting. I must defer farther particulars till my next. Adieu.

Yours ever.

CHARLES MORTON

T O

LORD MONSON.

THIS is as it should be, though by the bye our affairs seem so perfectly *en règle*, as to wear every appearance of the closing of a novel.

Loyd teased me incessantly to return to England, and we set forward with our fair mourner in tolerable health and spirits. Arriving rather late at my sister's, I found every face, in lieu of the sober sadness with which I left them, animated with joy, and eyes sparkling with pleasure; astonished at the change, I

hastily

hastily assisted Harriet to alight, and conducted her into the parlour; where I beheld, with astonishment, my sister reclined on a man's shoulder, her hand locked in his, and my uncle smoking his pipe with uncommon satisfaction, the elder Loyd and my nephew playing at backgammon, and Emily looking on. My sister raised her head on my entrance, and exclaimed, ' My brother—ah Charles !—'

In a moment I found myself in Beaumont's arms. Surprise at this wonderful event bound up every faculty; and Harriet stood a little embarrassed. Emily's presence of mind served her to lead the dear girl to my

sister, whom indisposition prevented from rising. Eliza embraced, and assured her of protection and a sister's love.

Loyd was much disconcerted, and made his compliments with an ill grace. At length something like order was restored, and a happier set of beings I believe, could not have easily been found.

Early next morning Loyd called. ' Charles,' said he, ' I feel myself too much interested for my peace ; I am now setting out for London, and so soon as I can see Mrs. Beaumont without emotion, which I fear will not be very shortly, I will return. You will, I suppose, be early in town

town, where your enquiries will be acceptable, and your correspondence pleasing. Adieu, my dear friend ; bring your lovely wife to town, so soon as my father has given you the nuptial benediction ; do not bury her amongst the mountains with a parcel of fusty moralists. I cannot take leave of your family, so make my best wishes.'

He stepped into his phaeton, and was speedily out of sight.

Monson, you will find this man worthy your study ; I have given him your address.

Beaumont conceived some reasons were necessary for his long absence ; gave us a narrative of his,

which contains a detail of hardships which reflects no vast honor on that monster, Tippoo Saib, by whom he was taken prisoner at the unfortunate siege of Bednore.

The miseries our officers endured there, you have already been made acquainted with, previous to this. I must inform you in his own words—

‘ After leaving England, I gave up every idea of happiness, and felt myself every way disposed to encounter the horrors of war. When we arrived at Madras, the precedency was at this time a continued scene of disaffection; there is no distinction made betwixt the civil and military, no redress for the latter, no exertion
in

in favor of the former. Sick of the tumult, I reached Bengal, once the repository of commerce and wealth, the granary of the East; but it was with regret I observed that such has been our fatally mistaken method of exerting power, that it has reduced the countries around to mere deserts. Nor is this a matter to excite wonder. Is it, let me ask, possible for the honest husbandman to labor, when he is in dread of being plundered by those whose duty, nay, whose interest it is to protect him? Can the useful manufacturer be ingenious when famine is his reward? Impossible. Oppression damps every idea of industry, and the consequences are certain.'

‘ Rapid fortunes have been acquired by a set of needy adventurers ; who, deaf to the ties of honour, justice, and humanity, have taught the Indians to regard us as their enemy ; and, in all their concerns with us, employ the utmost force of that cunning we have armed them with against ourselves.

‘ I was not long suffered to remain inactive ; but was appointed, and sent with a detachment under the command of as brave an officer as ever drew sword. But here it is unnecessary to weary your spirits with a recital of my sufferings.

‘ During this time I was in continual engagements ; sometimes bearing

ing fatiguing marches up to our knees in burning sands; cut off from provision, clean linen, and every social pleasure.

‘ A soldier, however ardent his wishes, and strong his feelings, has little leisure to indulge them. Glory and honour supercede every dearer consideration, and he is forced, unrepining, to submit.

‘ A military life was ever my fondest wish; but I found myself disappointed in conceiving I should amass wealth. No; the reward I have got has been hard service and a broken constitution. The situation of the army prevented my writing to England; and when we made

made our inglorious retreat from Chingleput, four of our ammunition tumbrils blew up; and the enemy taking advantage of our confusion, entirely defeated us. Here I was desperately wounded, and thence arose the report of my death.

‘ If I strove for life, it was to once more enfold my wife and child to my breast; uncertain of their fate, I bore my confinement very ill. I have strove for independance, but have not succeeded; I am returned now, with three years leave of absence, on half pay, and the only alternative given is, at the expiration of my time, to throw up my service, or return to India. I have now to

regret

regret that my useless efforts at obtaining affluence is frustrated ; however, “ The race is not to the swift, or the battle to the strong.” Content, my Eliza, for the present, in beholding you, let Fortune do her worst.’

‘ So, so, Beaumont,’ said my uncle, ‘ you reckon nothing on the score of my friendship for your wife.’

‘ Sir, I am grateful for your kindness to my dear Eliza, but how dare I presume on future friendship.’

‘ Make yourself easy, Beaumont, cherish your recovered blessing, form that boy’s mind so as to honour society, and leave the rest to me.

Hap-

Happiness is once more in your power; I will secure you an independency, I have enough for all; and but one wish remains, for you to see your felicity permanently fixed. I am an old man, and have my peculiarities, a few years and my eyes will close on the world, and on my dearest concerns; till then, bear with me, and God bless you.

We were all interested in my worthy relation's speech; words were wanting to explain our different sensations, and we by turns embraced him.

I shall, in a short time, embrace you in town; and have persuaded
Beau-

Beaumont to reside three months yearly with me in London. As I wish Harriet now to enjoy those pleasures she has so long suffered the privation of, I believe I shall make a tolerable sort of a Benedict, and, perhaps, turn out a comfortable talkative old man. I am now, Monson, at an age when boyish ideas subside, and one begins to have fixed notions and principles; mine, I hope, ever to preserve free and independent.

Emily, the young person I mentioned, wishes to continue with my sister, and time, I hope, will enable her to overcome her passion for Loyd—

My

My sister's reason seems much hurt, her memory being impaired, and the fears of the medical people are, that her malady may return at fixed periods. This should teach us an humble resignation, a well-grounded hope; and pious dependence on Providence, will insure both temporal and eternal felicity.

Had Eliza's mind been habituated to adversity, or had she been less indulged in the lap of ease, misfortune would not then have acted so forcibly, she would have looked forward to happier days, and not by continual anxiety have lost both reason and health; we are certainly not born to pass through life without

out our share of cares; . but it is much in our own power to soften them, by bearing them lightly and chearfully; few men have less cause for regret than myself. I have an easy fortune, a lovely woman, and kind friend; so that my patience is not likely to be exercised; but grant me the trial; my mind, inured from earliest infancy to feel a confidence, in its own strength, rises superior to misfortunes, as the only real evil is loss of reputation; the loss of fortune is of little consequence to those who can submit to honest industry, it requires no vast effort to rise in the world; but it shews an elevation of sentiment when

when we can accommodate ourselves to all situations, all circumstances, and by catching at even the least chance of happiness at last gain our end.

Blest with an even temper, and natural good spirits, happiness is now within my power, and I will enjoy it by studying to deserve it.

Yours,

CHARLES MORTON.

FINIS.

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our

and

now

enjoy

ON.